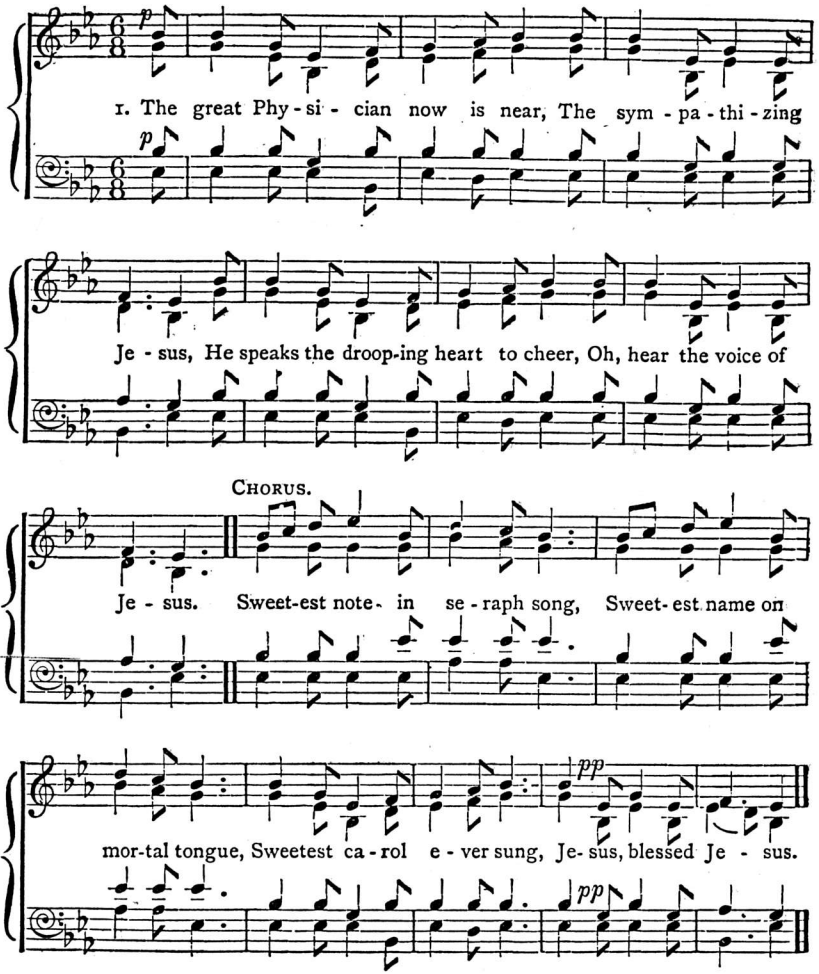
No. 49. The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there."—JER. viii. 22.



2. Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3. All glory to the risen Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4. His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

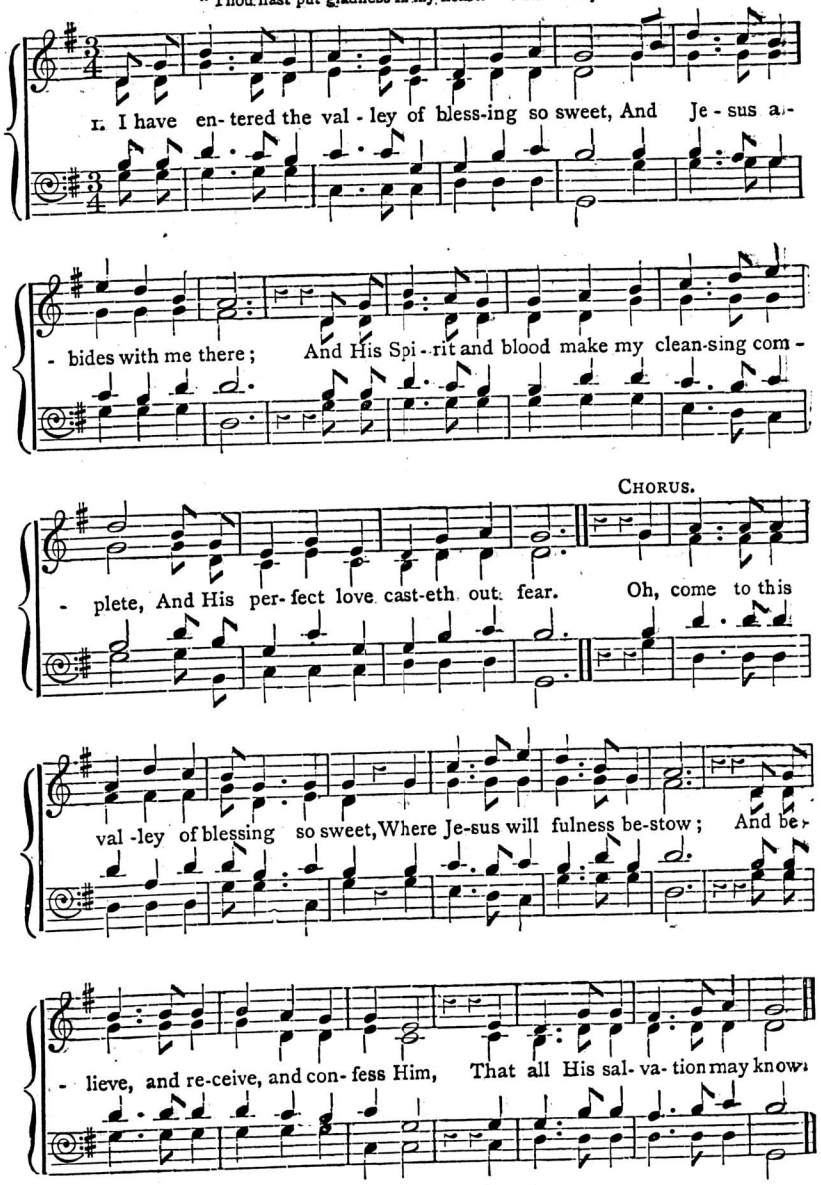
5. Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voice raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6. The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

7. And when to the bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 50. The Valley of Blessing.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart."—PSALM iv. 7.



2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary, worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3. There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4. There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

No. 51. I Love to Tell the Story.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love, I love to tell the Sto - ry, Be - - - cause I know it's true; It sa - tis - fies my long - ings As no - thing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

2.
I love to tell the Story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story:
It did so much for me:
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3.
I love to tell the Story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4.
I love to tell the Story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No. 52. Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS xxvi. 28.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve;
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day;

"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive;
"Al - most per - suad - ed," turn not a - way;

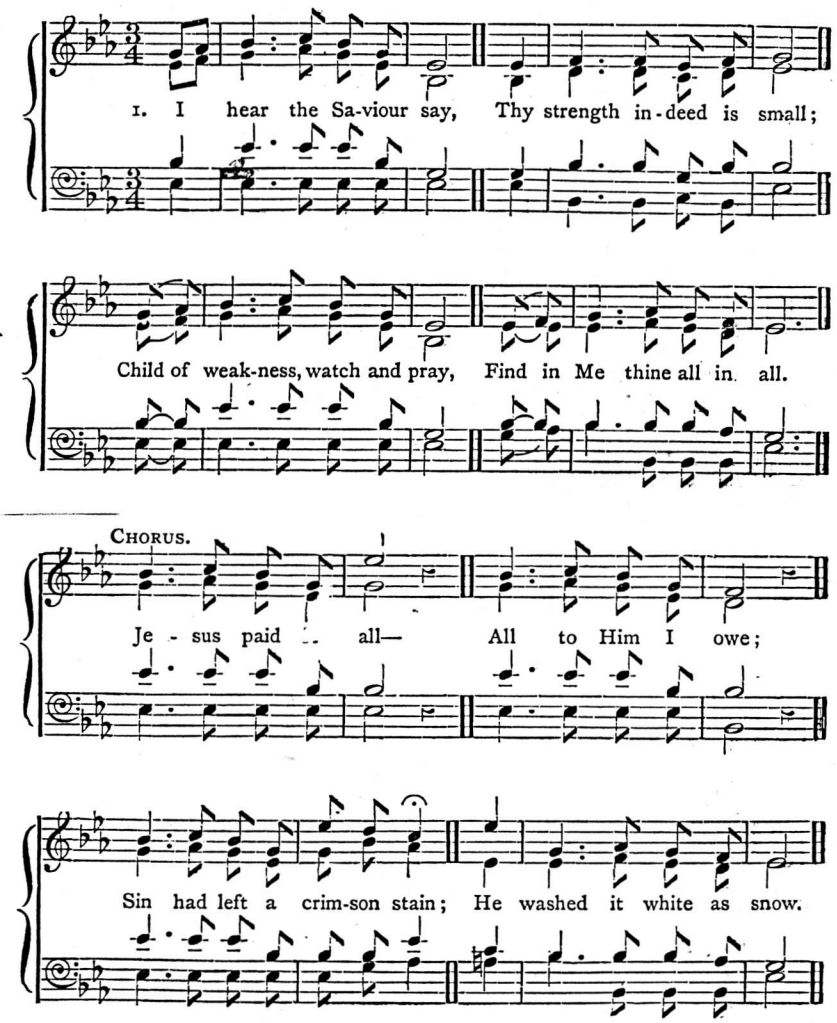
Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spi - rit, go Thy way,
Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are ling - 'ring near.

Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
Prayers rise from hearts so dear: O wan - derer, come!

3.
"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

No. 53. All to Christ I Owe.

"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 Peter ii. 24.



2. Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

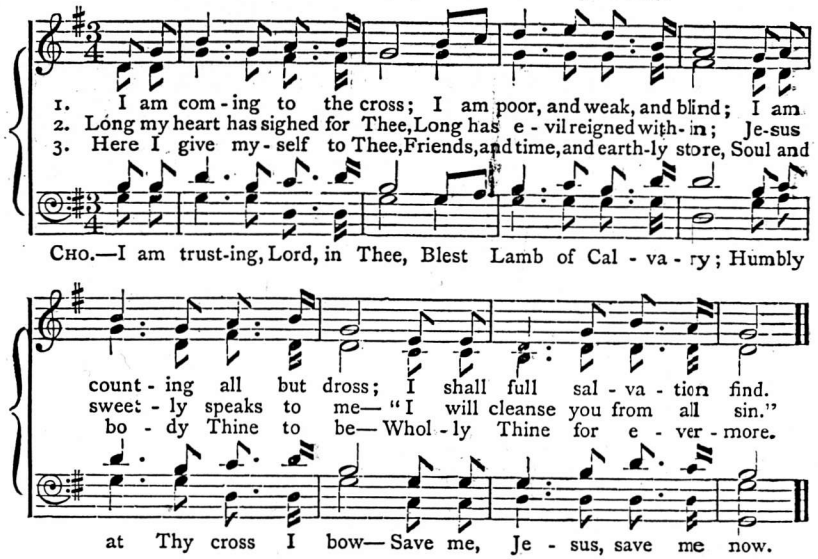
3. For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4. When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5. And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 54. I am Coming to the Cross.

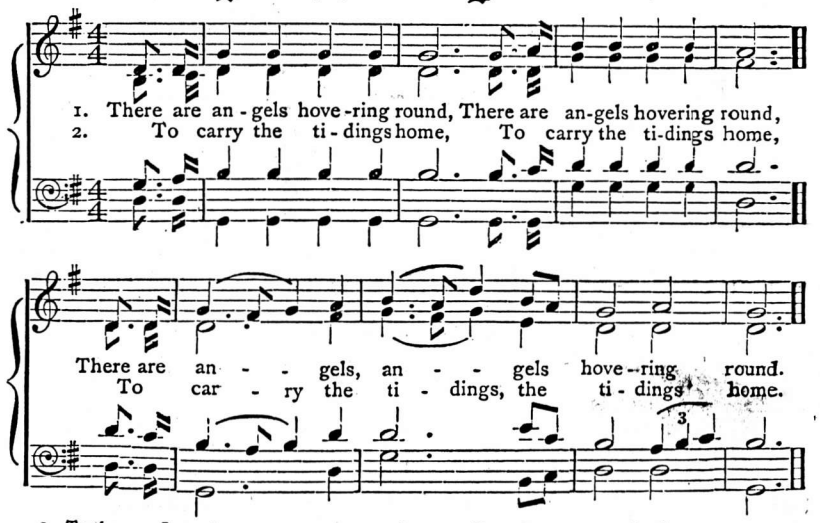
"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.



4. In the promises I trust,
Now I know the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 55. Angels Hovering Round.



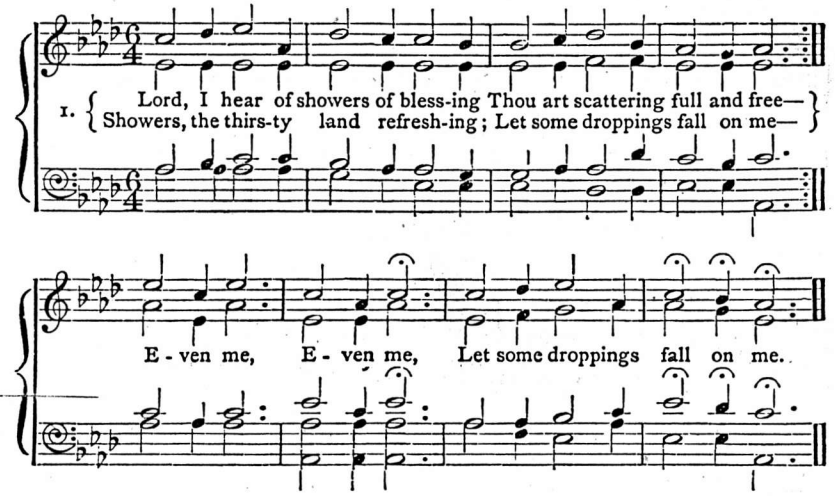
3. To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, the new Jerusalem.

4. Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

5. And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

No. 56. Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—Gen. xxvii. 38.



2. Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me.

3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
[Even me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
[Even me.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me—Even me.

6. Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

No. 57. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Psalm xxxi. 3.

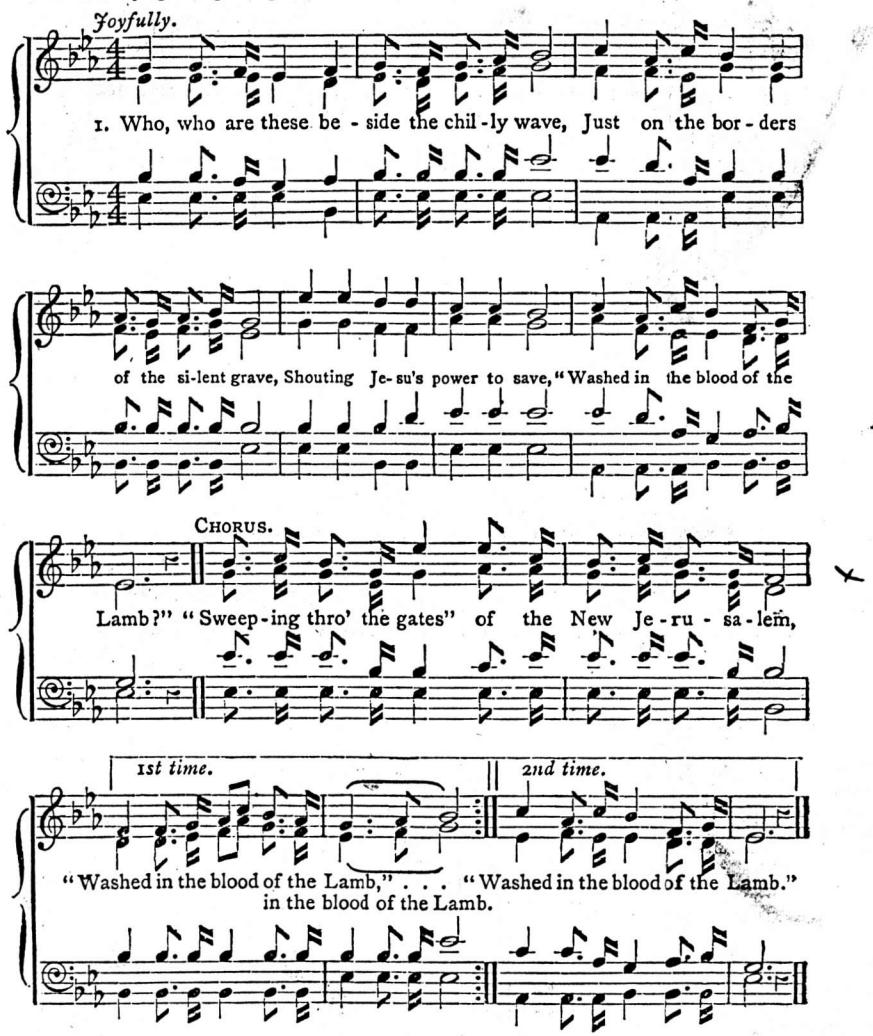
1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 58. Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. Alfred Cookman.



2. These, these are they who, in their youthful days, [ways
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's
Proved the fulness of His grace,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

3. These, these are they who, in affliction's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

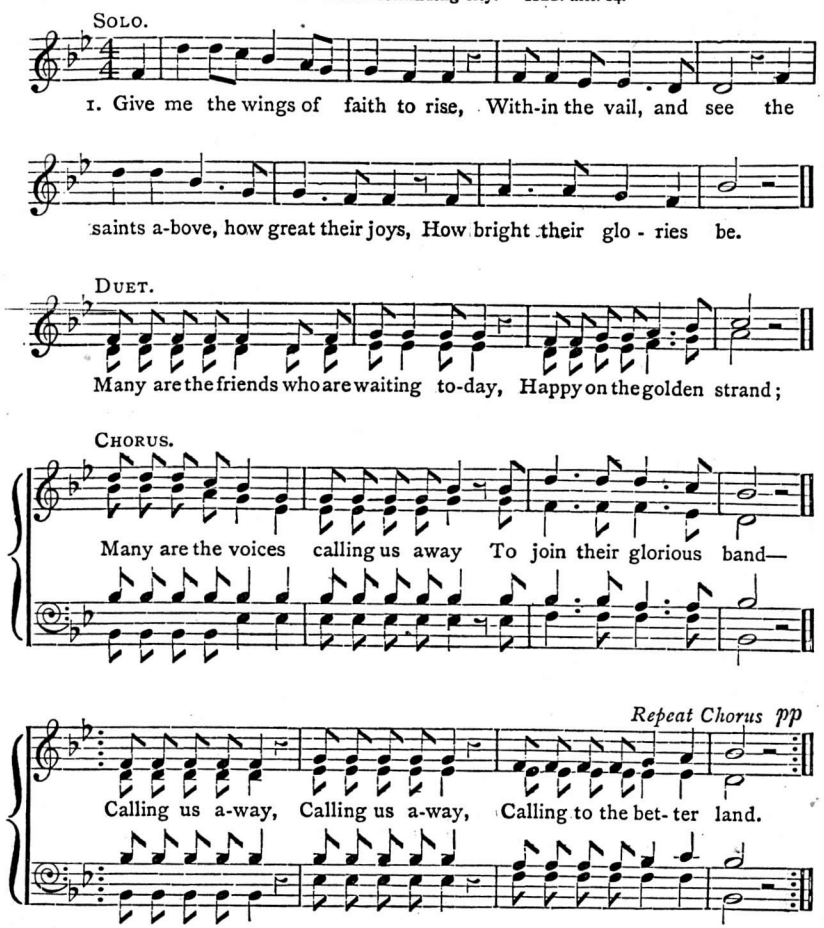
4. These, these are they who, in the conflict dire,
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire
Jesus now says: "Come up higher,"
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

5. Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

No. 59.

Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. xiii. 14.



2.

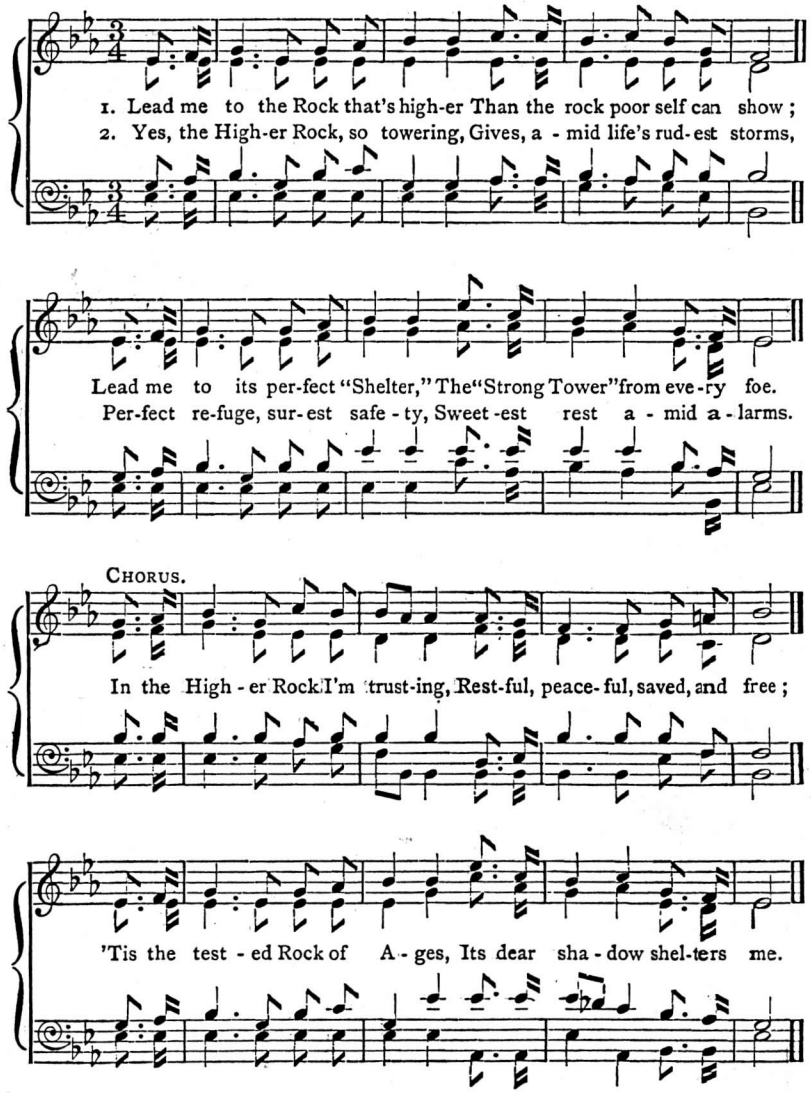
Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
Many are the friends, &c.

3.

I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
Many are the friends, &c.

No. 60.

The Higher Rock.



3. 'Tis the Higher Rock that gives me
Faith's glad strength for every hour;
Oh! to measure all its gladness,
All its preciousness of power!

4. 'Tis the Higher Rock sustains me
Joyously from day to day;
Lifting heart, and soul, and spirit,
To the purer, holier way.

5. 'Tis the Higher Rock that saves me,
'Tis the Higher Rock I've found,
Where abide the crowning graces—
Faith and Hope and Love abound.

6. So will I sing praises to Thee—
For Thy wondrous power to save;
Daily 'neath Thy shadow resting,
Till the victor's palm I wave.

No. 61. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—PSALM xciv. 22.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D.C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy ri - ven side which flowed,

2. Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 62. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—PSALM ix. 9.

FINE.

1. { Je-sus, Lo - ver of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
{ While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
D.C. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sa-viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past!

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 63. Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS ii. 21; ROM. x. 13; JOEL ii. 32.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sa - viour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;

While on o - thers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.

CHORUS.

Sa - viour, Sa - viour, hear my hum - ble cry,

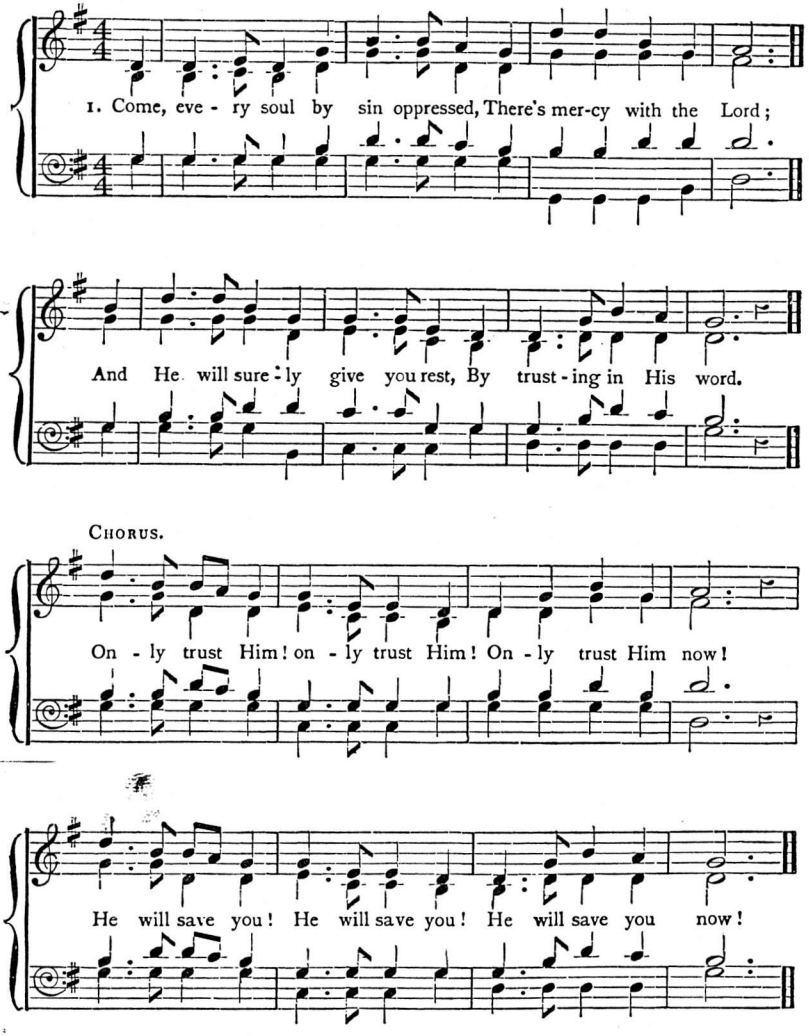
And while o-thers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

3. Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

No. 64. Only Trust Him.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. xi. 29.

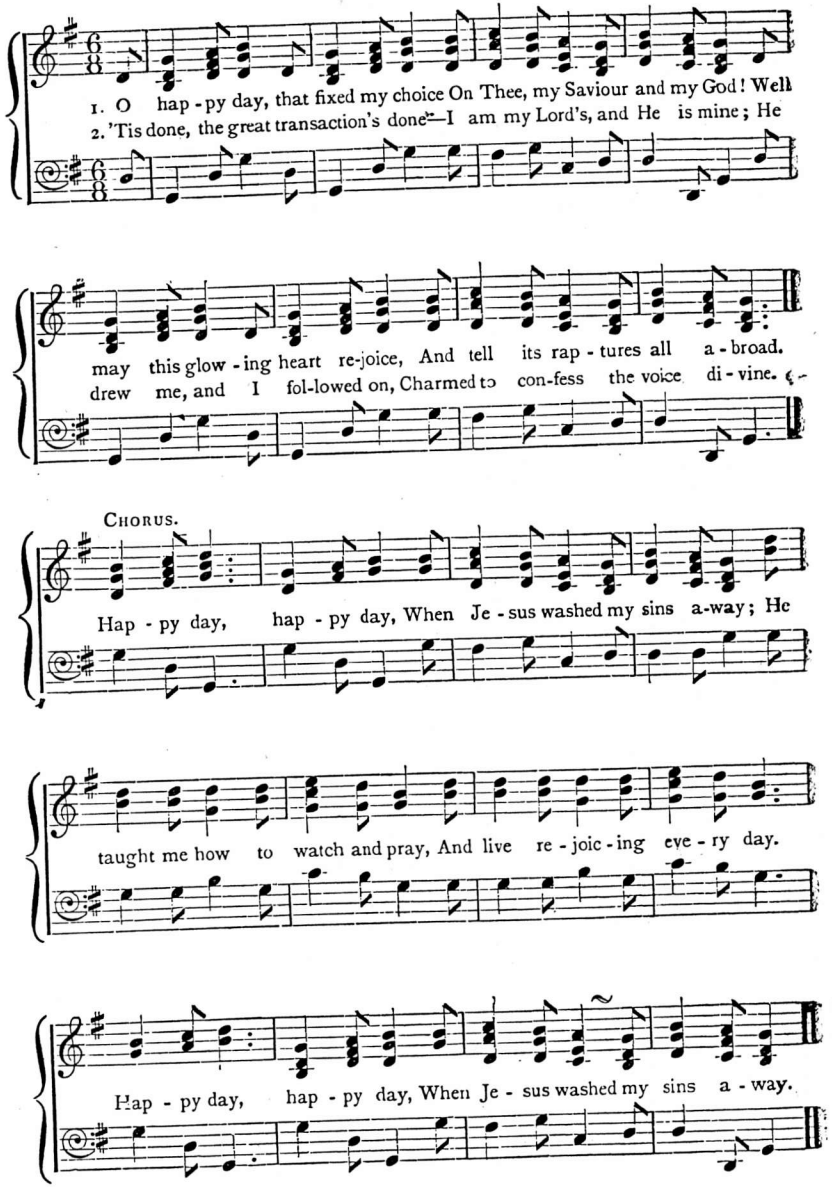


2. For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3. Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4. Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 65. O Happy Day.

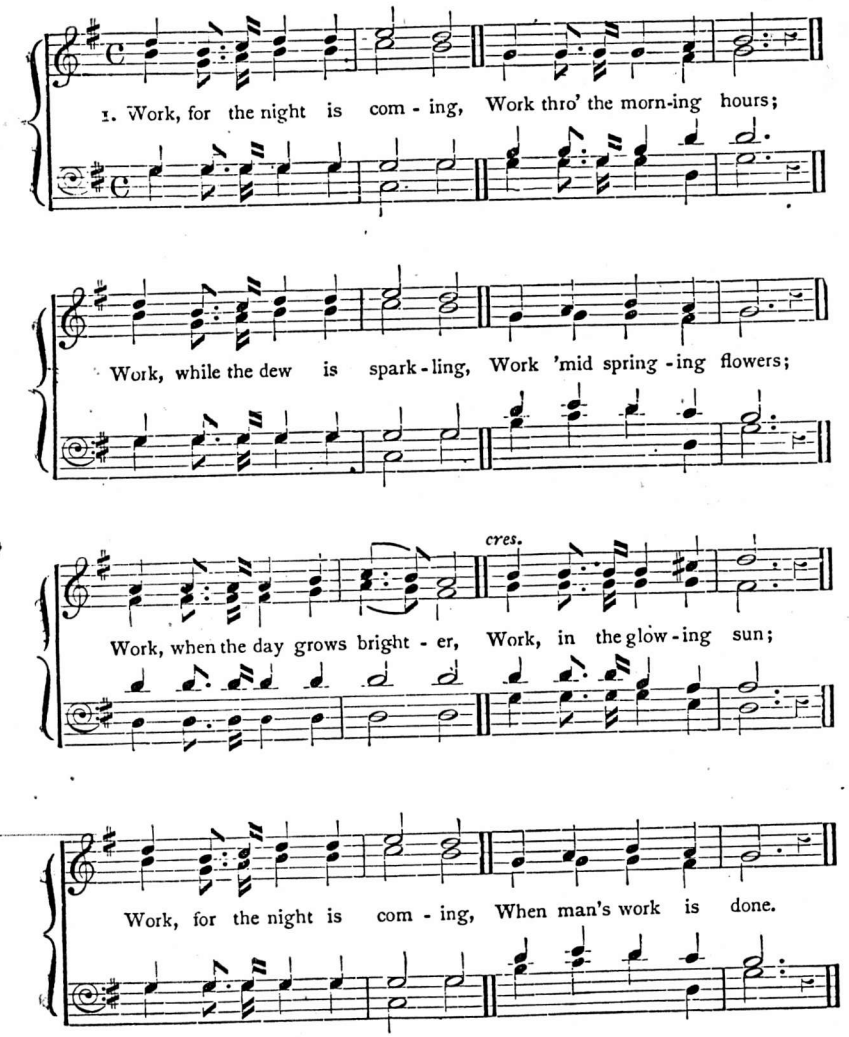


3.
Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

4.
High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 66.

Work, for the Night is Coming.



2.

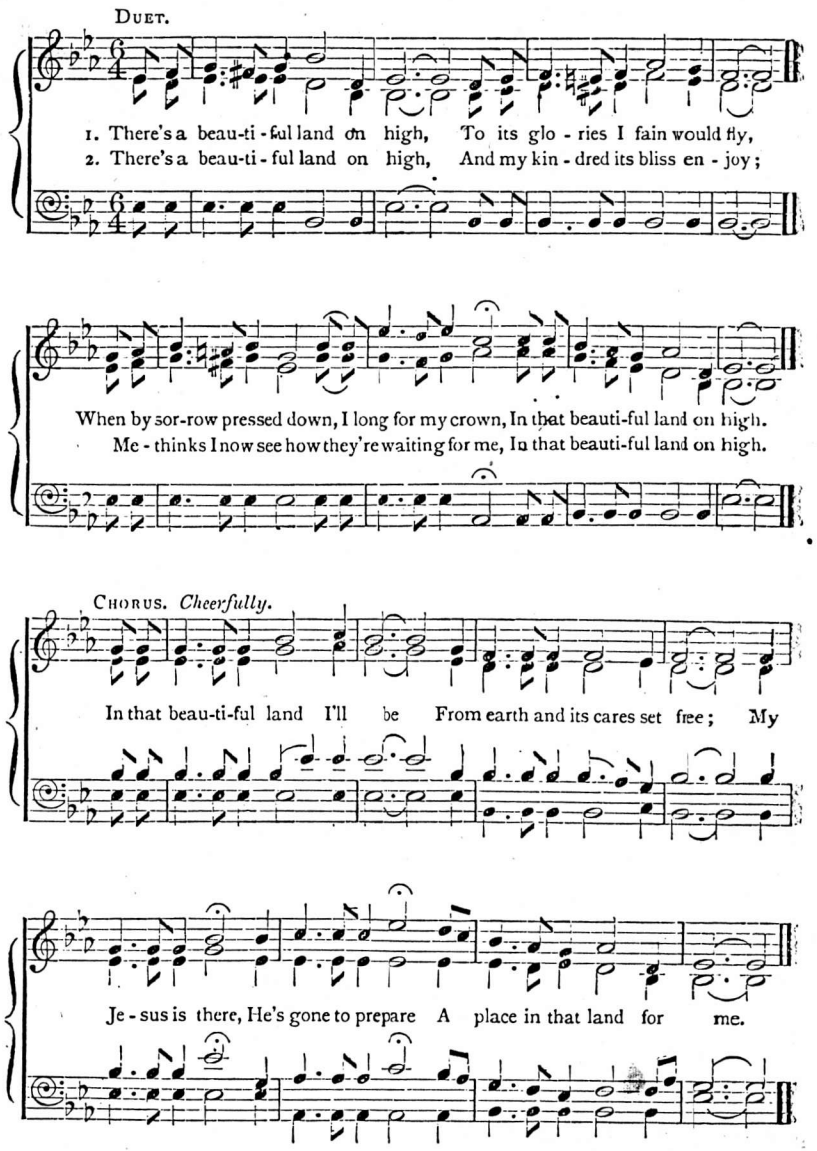
Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 67.

There's a Beautiful Land on High.



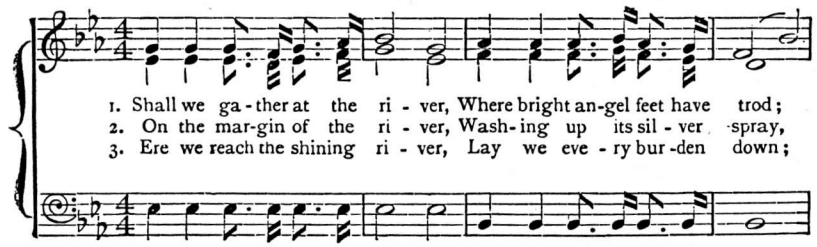
3.

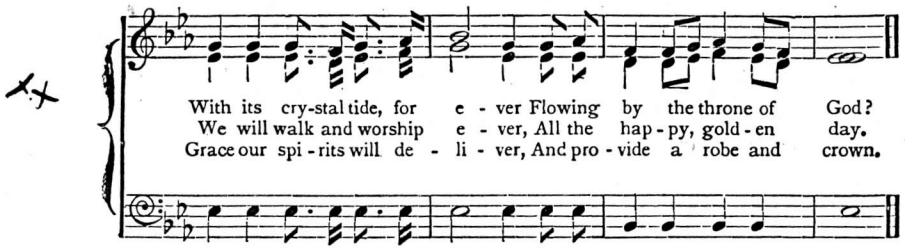
There's a beautiful land on high;
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be [shed
In that beautiful land on high.

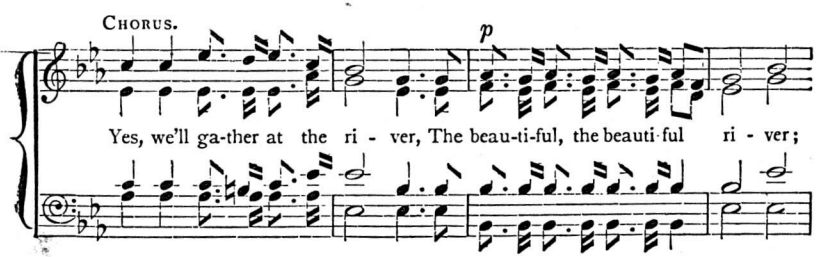
4.

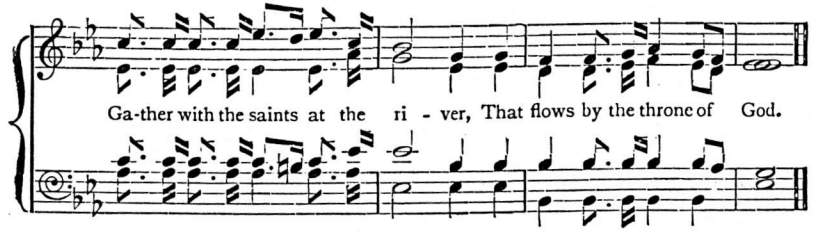
There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "Good-bye;"
When over the river we're happy for ever
In that beautiful land on high.

No. 68.
Shall we Gather at the River?





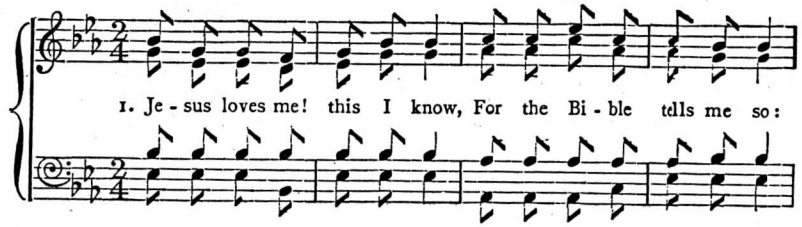


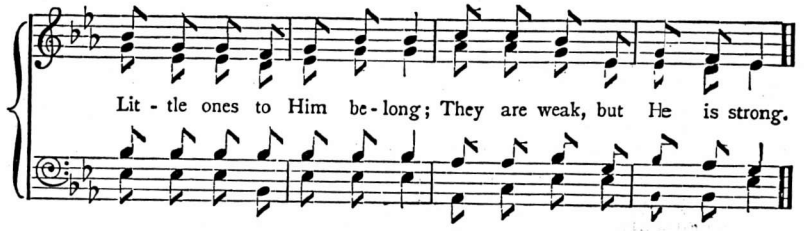


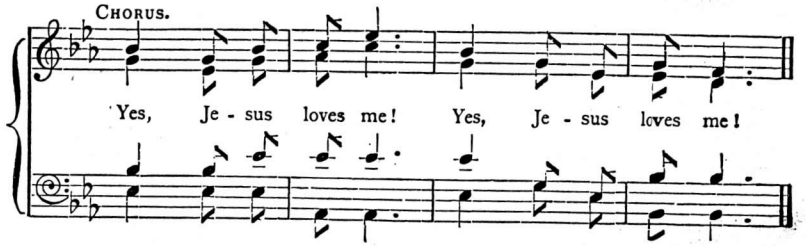
4.
At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their songs of saving grace.

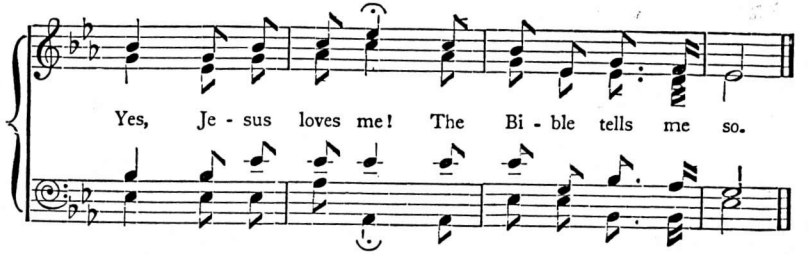
5.
Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

No. 69.
Jesus Loves Me.





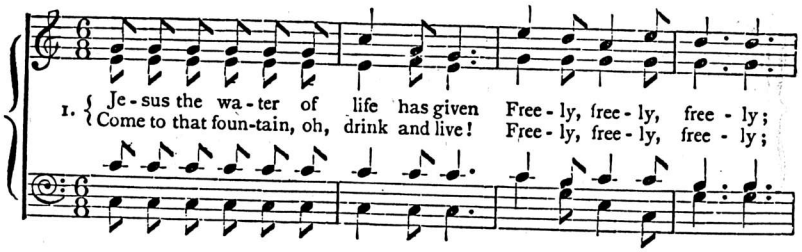


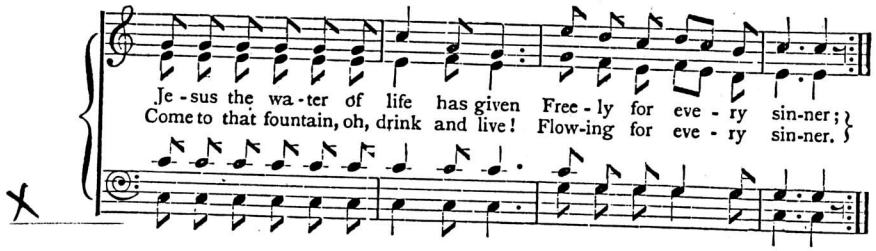


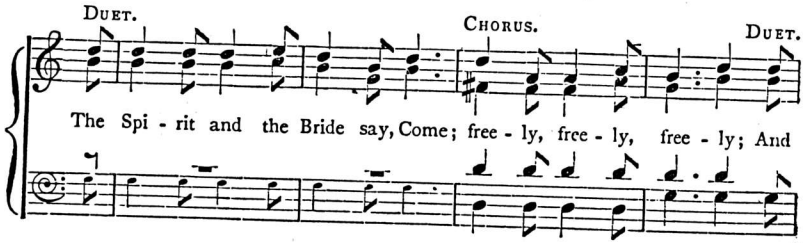
2. Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin;
Let His little child come in.

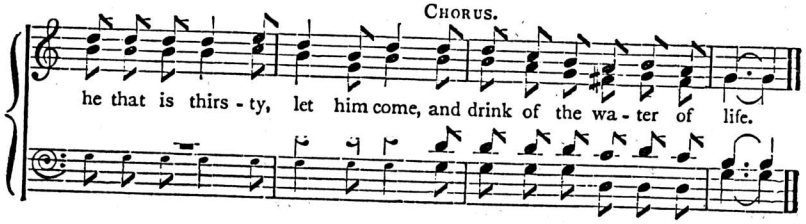
3. Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

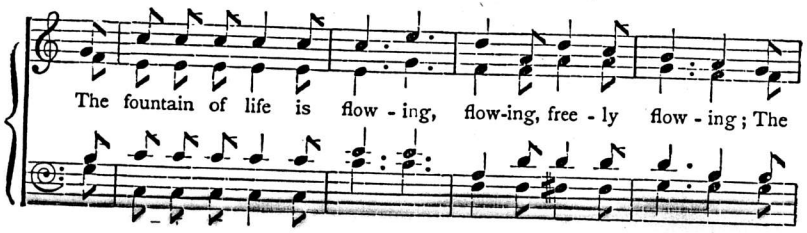
No. 70. The Water of Life.



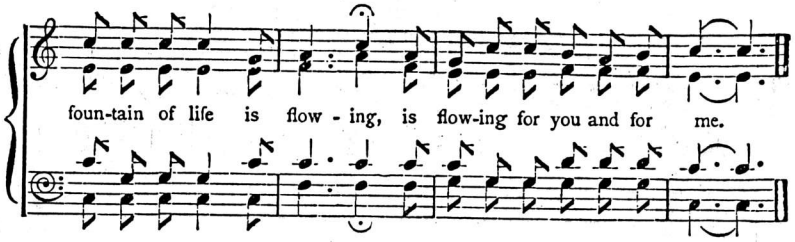








The Water of Life—*continued.*

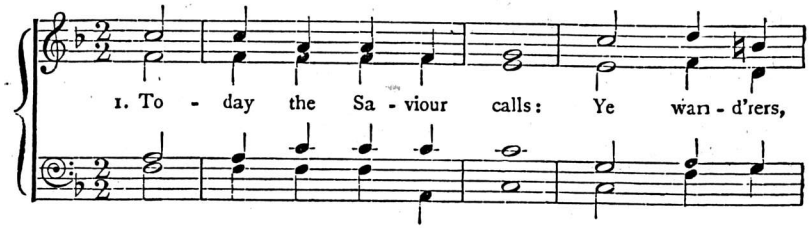


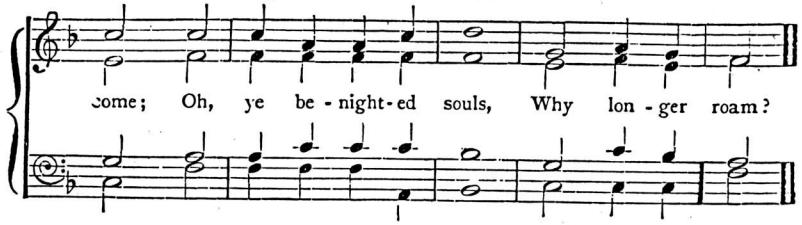
2. Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those that love Him.
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely;
Treasures unfading will there be given
Freely to those that love Him.

3. Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him.
Kingdoms of glory, and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely;
Kingdoms of glory, and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love Him.

4. Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love Him.
Pleasures that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely;
Pleasures that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love Him.

No. 71. To-day the Saviour Calls.





2. To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.